The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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My Pussy.

Who likes into my lap to leap,
To curl her tail round and there sleep,
Or near my feet to mew and creep?
My Pussy.

Who climbs my chair? and on my back
Springs without scratching? nor is slack
To reach my head if place she lack?
My Pussy.

Who with my cotton-reel so plays,
That I must watch her pretty ways,
And think her mews are thanks for praise?
My Pussy.

Who seems to watch with bright green eyes
When my return from school she spies,
And in my path delighted lies?
My Pussy.

Who licks her paws with dainty care,
As if she liked them clean and fair?
(To me a lesson, I declare!)
My Pussy.

Who watches me when breakfast comes,
And mews to see her milk and crumbs,
Till brother says we're just like chums?
My Pussy.

And shall I ever treat you ill,
Or give you to rude children's will,
Your kitten-heart with woe to fill?
My Pussy.

Or carelessly forget to feed
When I have had my share indeed,
And ought to know that you have need?
My Pussy.

Oh, no, no, no! and if I turn.
To you when I your hunger learn,
Shall I the poor child's pleadings spurn?
My Pussy.

So, Pussy, though you cannot preach,
Your little mews kind lessons teach,
And seem to move my heart like speech,
My Pussy.

Why shouldn't they? for God doth give
Voices to each and all that live,
And hears too, if we make them grieve!
My Pussy.

For the Myrtle.

The Lost Purse.

PART I.

"COME! you must go to ride with me. I am not going to like it one bit, if you don't,"

"You ought not to dislike it, when I have told you that I couldn't go without neglecting my lessons."

"But you can get your lessons after we come back."

"No. I cannot, There will not be time to finish them then."

"Oh, yes, there will. We will not go a great way."

"But going a little way would hinder my having these lessons perfect, for they are longer and harder than usual to-day."

"Well, supposing there should be one day on which your lessons were not perfect. Who would be killed by it?"

"No body would be killed by it of course; but a part of my reputation would be killed."

"That wouldn't be such a terribly serious thing. You have got such a good name that you can afford that."

"I don't wish to spare any of my good name. I have not had a tardy mark, nor an imperfect lesson so far this term, and I don't intend to have one, till the end, not if diligence and care can prevent them."

"Why do you care, Sammy? It would be no great thing to lose, if you were to lose one credit,"

"But there would be more than the one mark on a book lost. if I were to be imperfect in any of my lessons."

"What do you mean? Your teacher don't charge you anything does she, for being imperfect in lessons or deportment?"

"No, she doesn't charge any thing, but God does."

"What do you mean by saying God does."

"I mean just what I say. God charges me with lost honor, lost reputation, and a lost bit of myself."

"How, a lost bit of yourself.

"Why, of course I must be less of a man for all the culture that I lose when I am a boy. It depends largely on ourselves how much of men we are to be. Don't you know that it does?

"Yes, I suppose it does. But come, I have not time to stand here and argue the case with you. I want you to go and ride. You shall not be imperfect in your lessons, for I will help you to get them after we come back. I can show you about algebra, and help you with the Latin."

"Thank you Ed. I don't believe that would do me as much good as getting them myself. But since you are so very anxious to have me go, I will for once accept your help on one condition."

"What's that?"

"That you will not ask me to get my lessons by proxy again. Oh yes, and there is one other condition to my going."

"What's that? Let's have the whole. But come on, and tell me the other condition after we get into the carriage. I will do anything you want done, only so that I get you off for the ride."

"But I can't go now. That is one of my conditions. I must have the lessons *first*, and the ride afterward. If you will sit down now, and help me we will soon have the lessons mastered, and then I can go for the ride, with some comfort. But there would be no pleasure to me In riding, unless my duties were first done."

"I don't like doing the lessons first, for it will make us very late about the rlde. But if I must, I must, so make no more words about it."

As Ed said this, he dropped down onto the sofa beside Sammy, and began showing him about the lessons,

Sammy and Ed were cousins. Ed was three years older, and had been at school much longer. He had lived in the town where there were excellent schools, while Sammy, living in the country had not had as good opportunities.

For nearly a year Sammy had been boarding with Ed's father and mother, and the boys had been at school together.

I will not stop to tell you more about their past than this, as we are interested just now in a bit of their present.

Ed, knowing very perfectly all that part of the arithmetic, algebra, and Latin which Sammy was going over, was not long in running through with the lesson in hand.

Of course he could not commit the parts to memory which were to be committed, but he could help about the examples, and the Latin translation, and in half an hour from the time that he sat down by Sammy, the lessons were so far advanced that Sammy consented to leave them.

"You can easily finish them in the morning before school time," said Ed.

"Yes, I think I can finish them then. And I am very much obliged to you for helping me so much with them.

"You are welcome, if you will only hurry and get ready for the ride. If you don't come right along we shall be so late that we shall lose half the pleasure."

"I don't think we shall lose anything by going in the twilight. I shall enjoy the ride all the better."

"Well, hurry."

"I shall be ready in a moment, but you will have to wait until I get on my collar, and comb my hair."

"What have you got your collar off for?"

"I took it off an hour ago, because it was so warm, and I was going into the shed to help Richard saw some wood."

"What a boy you are. I should never think of going into the wood-shed to help Richard. Why, I don't even know how to hold a saw, and never split a stick of wood in my life."

"It wouldn't harm you any to know how to work Ed. You would be no worse off now for the knowledge, and you might be a great deal helped by it some time in your life."

"Why, do you think I shall ever have to take to wood sawing, to get my living?"

"No one can tell what they will come to do. There is no surety because one is rich to-day that they will continue to be so. You may need to saw wood to keep you from starving, sometime in your life."

"Wouldn't it be well enough to learn when I

needed to know, without troubling myself to find out things to-day, that at present I don't at all need?"

"No, Ed, I don't think that would be well enough. You would have no time to learn after the necessity came. And again, it is well for every one to know as simple a thing as how to saw wood, without waiting to be taught it by a stern necessity. You might often make yourself useful in helping others, by doing a few moments or hours of real vigorous work, which would be good for you, as well as for them."

"Why should I wish to help others? Let each one help themselves in this world, and then all will be helped. That's my doctrine."

"It seems to me a very poor doctrine, Ed."

"Why?"

"Because you know that it is impossible."

"I don't see any impossibility about it, I am sure. Wherever there is a body that has a mouth to be fed, are there not two hands to feed it?"

"Yes. But then you must consider that all hands are not equally strong. A new-born baby has hands, yet it couldn't do much toward earning its own living. So has a sick man hands, but they can do very little toward feeding him. We should be very selfish creatures if we never tried to help one another. But your preaching and practice don't agree. Here you have been helping me for the last hour, and yet at the end of that time, you say that you believe in letting every-body help themselves. Your words and works don't go together."

"Well you know I never mean half what I say."

"You had better break yourself of that habit of talking idly. It may do you no harm while you are in the midst of friends, who know and love you well. But it would not do to so misrepresent yourself among strangers."

"Why not?"

"Because one needs all the good that is in them, to help get them into the hearts of new people, who have no interest in them, and never will have any, except what grows out of circumstance."

"Well, I suppose they do. But we haven't time to argue any longer here. The horse is ready, and Richard has driven him round to the front of the house. We must go at once."

E. M. Bruce.

IF God is our guide, He will be our guard; He always protects whom he leads.

Mother's Spool of Thread.

What about mother's spool? Well, I will tell you. You know there is a hole through spools, and then a thin piece of paper pasted over it at each end, with the maker's name, the quality, and the number on it. My mother has a sort of a basket made of steel hoops, open so that she can see each spool at a glance. One day I saw a brown wasp at work at the end of one of the spools of white thread. He gnawed a hole through the paper, and crawled in after he had worked a day or so. I examined the spool and found he had puttied up the hole with mud at the further end, and laid an egg in the spool. After a while he brought a small worm and put it in the spool. Mother carried it out to show it to father, and lost out the worm. I put the spool in the basket again, when Mr. Wasp again brought a worm, and put it in the spool. Then he puttied up the hole tight. We are going to keep the spool to see if the egg will hatch a wasp, and when it hatches, you may expect to hear from young Nimrod again.

Young pilgrims, would you not like to have seen Noah's ark after all the creeping things had entered it? I would. How many lessons we can learn by close watching and thinking. Now, from this incident we learn that the wasp knows what kind of food her young, when hatched, need. She knew that it was necessary to have both ends of the spool puttied to preserve the egg, and it was done by her own tiny fingers. Again, mark her perseverance; after the loss of the first worm she brought the second, and after her labor is done, she goes off satisfied.

David said he should be satisfied when he awoke in the likeness of Christ, at the resurrection of the just; father says, not when his work was done, or at death. Good-bye, dear pilgrims, for this time.

AN Arab related the following story to a company of jewelers: "Once on a time I had lost my way in the desert, and I had not a particle of food left; and I had made up my mind to perish, when suddenly I found a purse full of pearls. Never shall I forget the gratification and delight I felt when I imagined them to be parched wheat; nor again, the bitterness and despair when I found them to be pearls."

WANT less than you have and you will always have more than you want.

For the Myrtle.

Water Lilies.

Little Mary in her sick room
Will be wanting these I know.
If I can only get them,
I am sure to please her so.

For if there is an offering
That our good God has given,
Which seems as if it came right down
From yonder sunny heaven,

It is the lilies on the lake,
They are so sweet and pure.
A blessing to the well and strong,
And to the sick a cure.

I will get them for my darling
And in the sufferers room,
They will seem the Christ voice, speaking
With their beauty and perfume.

E. M. B.

For the Myrtle.

Salt Hay.

I SHOULD think you would be tired of work. You have been drudging every day since we came here. without ever taking an hour to rest."

"I am not very tired. We have so many kinds of work that it doesn't tire me as it would if I did the same thing every day."

"I know you have. I never dreamed that there were so many kinds of work to be done on a farm, until we came here this summer."

This conversation was between Harry Jones, who lived on a farm, and Martin Oglesby one of two cousins who had come from Rochester New York, to spend the summer at their uncle's home, which was on the South Shore of Massachusetts.

"What are you going to do tomorrow? Martin continued.

"I have not heard father say." Harry replied, "But I shouldn't wonder if he went down to the shore after salt hay. He told me last week that he was going some day before a great while, and we have got about through cutting our meadow hay, so I think he will go for the salt hay soon."

"What do you mean by salt hay, Harry?"

"Why! did you never hear of salt hay? I mean the hay that we get down on the salt-marshes."

"But what are the salt-marshes? I am no wiser now than I was before I asked the question."

"Well, they are the marshes that lie along the sea-shore."

"What makes you call them salt marshes?"

"Because the salt water overflows them every time the tide rises, and that makes the grass that grows on them salt."

"I shouldn't think horses would eat salt hay."

"Oh yes they will. We mix it with the other hay and they like it very much."

"What are you talking about?" said Robby who came running up at this moment.

"I was saying" said Harry, "that I thought father would work down at the sea shore tomorrow getting salt hay.

"Shall you go with him Harry?"

"Yes, I shall have to go if father goes."

"Oh, that will be splendid, says Robby, for Martin and I can go with you. We can all ride down on the hay-cart and then Martin and I can play on the sea-shore while you are at work. Wouldn't you like that Martin?"

"Certainly I should," said Martin. "I wish we were nearer the shore so that we could go down there every day."

Robby was ready to repeat this wish for the sea was a great pleasure to both of the boys. They had been born so far inland that they had never seen the ocean until this summer, and it was a perpetual joy to them.

The boys ran away to their uncle to ask him if he were really going to the shore the next day, and found to their delight that he was.

They were all up very early the next morning, and had their dinner baskets filled and all preparations made for a good long day at the beach.

The farm house was fully three miles from the shore so that the boys did not think they would come back again after they were down there, until night. The day was beautiful, and Robby

said "It seemed as if everything was just made for their comfort."

They had carried with them little shovels and baskets, and for hours they amused themselves dipping in the sand, and fishing up the curious little shells and mosses that they found.

At length they were tired, and sat down to rest, when Robby suddenly cried out.

"Oh Martin, there is a little boat on the sea, and I believe it is coming right in here. Let's run and get onto that rock yonder, and then we can hail the boat.

Martin did not wait for a second invitation, and the boys ran a race to see which would get first to the rock.

Mr. Jones heard what Bobby had said, and saw the boys running, and he called after them,

"You'll run for nothing. No boat can land here at this time of the tide."

The boys gave no heed to what their uncle said, but ran and climbed onto the rock. The boat drew near, and they saw that it had in it two little boys about their own size. Robby called to them as soon as they came near enough to hear him, and said,

"Oh come in shore and take my brother and I to ride with you in the boat."

"Can we land there?" said one of the boys in the boat,

"Why yes, I don't see why you can't."

At once the little boatmen turned the bow of the boat toward the shore, and attempted to make a landing. But the breakers were rolling in on the beach, and the boat capsized in the midst of them.

If Mr. Jones had not been at hand to swim out to their assistance the boys might both have been drowned.

Robby was very sorry when he saw what mischief his advice had wrought, that he had so wilfully put his opinion in opposition to his uncle's and he said:

"I know Uncle Jones that you will think me a very naughty boy for disobeying you and making so much trouble, I hope you will forgive me this time, and I will not do so again."

His uncle was very willing to forgive him, but he showed him how fearful a thing it would have been, if lives had been lost because of his willfulness.

Will not you my dear children, who read this story think whether you do not yourselves need to learn by Robby's experience.

Telling Fortunes.

I'll tell you two fortunes, my fine little lad,
For you to accept or refuse;
The one of them good, the other one bad;
Now hear them and say which you choose.

I see by my gifts within reach of your hand,
A fortune right fair to behold;
A house and a hundred good acres of land,
With harvest fields yellow as gold.

I see a great orchard, with boughs hanging down
With apples, green, russet and red;
I see droves of cattle, some white and some brown,
But all of them sleek and well fed.

I see droves of swallows about the barn door,
See the fanning-mill whirling so fast;
I see them threshing wheat on the floor—
And now the bright picture has past!

And I see rising dismally up in the place
Of the beautiful house and the land,
A man with a fire-red nose on his face,
And a little brown jug in his hand!

Oh, if you beheld him my lad, you would wish
That he were less wretched to see;
For his boot-toes they gape like the mouth of a fish,
And his trousers are out at the knee!

In walking he staggers, now this way, now that,
And his eyes they stand out like a bug's;
And he wears an old coat, and a battered-in hat,
And I think that the fault of the jug's!

Now which will you have? To be thrifty and snug,
And to be right side up with your dish;
Or go with your eyes like the eyes of a bug,
And your shoes like the mouth of a fish?

Alice Cary.

Try and Can't do it.

Can't do it sticks in the mud, but Try soon drags the wagon out of the rut. The fox said Try, and he got away from the hounds when they almost snapped at him. The bees said Try, and turned flowers into honey. The squirrel said Try, and up he went to the top of a beech tree. The snow-drop said Try, and bloomed in the cold snows of winter. The sun said Try, and the spring soon threw Jack Frost out of the saddle. The young lark said Try, and he found that his new wings took him over hedges and ditches, and up where his father was singing. The ox said Try, and plowed the field from end to end. No hill to steep for Try to climb, no clay too stiff for Try too plow, no field too wet for Try to drain, no hole too big for Try to mend.

No man can go to Heaven when he dies, who has not sent his heart thither while he lives. Our greatest hope should be beyond the grave.

Our Sunday Schools.

MASSACHUSETTS.

— Memorial Sunday was observed in Essex and Chelsea.

— The thirty-second anniversary of the First Universalist Sunday School of Chelsea was held Oct. 25th. The exercises were as follows: Voluntary by the organist, Mr, G. A. Veazie; invocation by the pastor, the Rev. A. J. Canfield; opening address by Mr. Whitcomb; song, "Kissing Sunbeams'; exercises by the infant class; song, "Ave Maria;" readings; an allegory representing religion, peace, truth faith, hope and love, and addresses by Professor Leonard of Tufts College and by the pastor. The exercises were interspersed with singing and short recitations, all of which were well rendered. The report of the Superintendent, Mr. James F. Weston, shows the school to be in a very flourishing condition. Whole number of members, 442, teachers, 44; officers, 7; largest attendance, 320; smallest attendance, 78; average, 171; total funds of the school. $716 38; expended from general fund, $446 90; expended from poor fund, $83 24; balance on hand, $186 24; books in the library, 1400 volumes. There were no deaths during the year.

— Large congregations encourage the efforts of the pastor in East Boston,—Rev. S. Gilbert. The Sunday School is also in a vigorous and growing condition. And there is a great amount of church work organized and operating. The pastor is strong in the affections of his people.

— Memorial Sunday was observed at our church in Quincy. The house was very tastefully decorated with trophies of the autumn, and a lage audience was in attendance. The exercises consisted of singing by the choir, recitations by the Sunday School, Scriptural selections by the Superintendent, Br. John O. Hall, together with a prayer and address by the pastor, Rev. G. W. Whitnev. We are glad to note the increasing observance of such seasons in our church. Such progress is in the right direction.

MAINE.

— If you cannot have a Universalist church have a Universalist Sunday School; and if you cannot have a Universalist Sunday School have a Union Sunday Srhool. At any rate, do not let all spirituality die out of your heart for lack of fresh air and exercise in the garden of the Lord.

This suggestion is worth heeding made by one of the teachers at the Sunday School Convention held recently in Bath. We must show ourselves friends of the children, and not treat them with indifference on week days. Thus can we make children love us and love the Sunday School, and thus can we do them good.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

— The autumnal Sunday School concert at the Universalist church in Nas..ua was very entertaining and instructive. The decorations were of autumnal leaves of various kinds and colors. The church was full and many went away unable to procure seats.

CONNECTICUT.

— The Sunday School Convention at Hartford, is to be marked down as a success, if the reports of the local papers are to be taken as evidence.

— Speaking of the good accomplished by small Sunday Schools the *Sunday School World* mentions, in terms of praise, one held in a country school house in Waterford, Conn. It has been kept up as an independent and undenominational School for for nearly forty years. The average attendance of its scholars is less than fifty. When this School was started the surrounding neighborhood was not a promising one; but in time a marked change was wrought, and the district came to be as well known for its sobriety and high moral tone as it had been for its vicious practices. Although no church has existed within several miles of the school house, nearly one-fourth of the entire membership is known to have been brought to Christ, and at least four persons who joined it as scholars have since entered the ministry.

OHIO.

— We are glad to note that the Sunday School in Harrison is prospering under the care of a lady Superintendent, Mrs. Simonson.

NEW YORK.

— We have received the following letter from Troy. Sunday Oct. 25 was observed here as memorial day, the annual memorial service and autumn concert by the Universalist Sunday School. The exercises were under the direction of Rev. A. B. Harvey and Superintendent Charles Eddy. The wall in the rear of the pulpit was adorned with two crosses trimmed with autumn leaves, one representing home and the other heaven. Mr. Harvey in this remarks showed that home was the life that now is joined to the heart by love; heaven immortality, peace and rest joined to the heart by hope. The credit of the arrangement is due to Mr. Harvey. A song "Only a Step to Heaven," by Emma Davis was touchingly sung. The pastor, Mr. Harvey, is noted for his ability in preparing exercises for a school to render, as he makes it seem a pleasure to the children to learn their pieces and recite them, rather than an irksome task. The concert in the evening was largely attended and the exercises proved of much interest

Fall Funerals.

Rev. W. T. Wyle, a capital Sunday School writer, furnishes a short article to the *S. S. Journal*, on the subject of "Fall Funerals." As some of our ministers may be called on very soon to attend such funerals we give the writers words in full. Let them be prepared for the sad occasions. But the article:

For years these funerals have been very numerous and very sad in many districts. Beautiful young summer Sunday Schools have been laid to rest by Superintendents and teachers amid the lamentations of the children and young people, who felt that they had needlessly lost a good friend.

These sad deaths occur generally in consequence of bad colds. We do not mean that the scholars become disabled by sickness, for this is just the season of all the year when our day schools are in full blast. The bad colds we speak of are taken by the teachers. They do not affect the body so much as they do the spirit. Perhaps it would be better to speak of the disease as a *bad coldness* which takes possession of the leaders, and paralyzes their energies.

To all readers who have been accustomed to assist in conducting these fall funerals we earnestly say, "Don't die this year!" You need not die, and surely you are not willing to bury your school alive. The sinking of a ship with all on board is scarcely a greater disaster than the disappearance of a living, working school amid the waves of worldliness.

Let new life be infused into your school. If some of its members must stop coming, rally all those who can come. If your school cannot be made bigger, see that it is made better at least, and thus you will insure your future growth. If you wiill persist in burying your school, by all means appoint a day of humiliation on the Sunday following, and then you will have a speedy resurrection, and enter upon a winter's work. Let us be done with fall funerals of Sunday Schools.

Cheerful Giving.

MARK xii 28–44.

Your lesson to-day is about a poor widow and what she did to help pay the expense of the Temple where she went to worship.

You undersand children that it took money in those days, as it does now to keep the places of worship open.

There were all kinds of people went into these placcs of worship then, as there are now. Among them were some learned people, who were called scribes. They were very proud men. They wore long robes that were made of rich material, and they felt as proud of them as some ladies do now when they drag a long trail of silk behind them. These men wished to be thought very pious, and they wore broad bands which had texts of Scripture on them. These bands could be seen a great ways off, and the wearers felt very proud to make this display.

When they went into their places of worship they always wished to have the chief seats. What do you think dear children was the reason for this? Was it that they might show the long robes and the broad bands?

Not wholly that. They wished it to appear that they were very pious, and sitting up in the chief seat they could be seen of every one in the house. Then the people who saw their long faces would go away and say,—"These must be very good men to be always in their high seats looking so solemnly pious."

But these scribes were not very good men after all their great pretense. They took the property away from poor widows and were very unjust in their business dealing. They did not go to church because they liked to go, nor say their prayers because they loved the God to whom they prayed. But they came together and said long prayers just that men might hear them.

Christ knew these men altogether, and the motive that brought them into the temple, and he said that they should be condemned for this pretence.

One day Jesus was sitting in the temple, and the people were coming in, and each one put money into the treasury. Some of the rich men and women put in a great deal of money. They could afford to do this, because they had a great deal of money left after they had put much into these boxes, which they called the Lord's treasury.

While Christ sat there looking, there came in a poor widow, and she went up to one of the boxes and dropped in two mites. These pieces of money that they called mites were very small pieces of copper. Look at a cent. Many of you have them in your hand ready to put into the contribution box to-day. That cent is a very small piece of money, but the poor widows mite, of which we are telling you, was not a quarter as large as your cent.

But it was all tnat she had. Think of this dear children. When she had put these two mites into the box, she had no money left to buy her supper, or the next days' breakfast. Still she did not hesitate. She did not shut her hand tightly over the two little coins, as if she grudged them to the Lord, when she put them into his treasury. She put them right in willingly, saying to herself—the Lord is a good paymaster. If I give to Him willingly, He will bless me for it.

Christ knew what the poor widow was thinking, for he knew everyone's thoughts when he looked in their faces.

He called his disciples and said to them, "This poor widow has put more into the treasury than all these rich men put together."

The disciples were astonished and didn't know how to understand him. Then Christ explained. He said, "They had a great deal to give. When they had given, they had a great deal left. But this poor woman has given all she had."

Would you not have liked to have had Christ said that of you? It is a great thing to be praised by any one so good and true as Jesus. We can only get His praise by doing the best and the noblest things Remember that He knows your very thoughts as He did those of the poor widow, and will bless and approve you if you are a cheerful giver.

Enigma.

I am composed of 30 letters.
The first man.
A prophet.
A woman who betrayed her husband.
The chief apostle of the Gentiles.
A prophet.
A book in the New Testament.
A high-priest.
One of Jacob's wives.
What Jesus did at the tomb of Lazarus.
An officer in the church.
One that built the ark.
Number of Christ's apostles.
What the dove returned to the ark with.
Whose wife did David take?
Mount of transfiguration.
One that offered his son as a sacrifice.
A time for rest.
A time for work.
Where Christ met the woman of Samaria.
Where Joseph's brethren went to buy corn.
A wicked king.
A book in the New Testament.
A great city.
What the heathen worship.
What we should always speak.
A place of worship.
One whom Satan beguiled,
What Christ giveth to the weary and heavy laden,
One that was raised from the dead.
Time to serve the Lord.

The initial letters of the partial answers make up a statement touching one of Christ's apostles. *Jennie McClane.*

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